

doors of communication in the bulkheads, or some of them, left open. This is the simple result of the general experience, which if any have taken the trouble to tabulate, as may be the case, they have hitherto failed to publish. We need not, at this moment, recite any part of the long list of shipwrecks from collisions, the ships being iron-plated; but we may state that one more was added only the other day, in the case of the British mail steamer *Boyme* of which our readers will find an account in the *Quebec Mercury* of the third inst. This vessel went ashore, the water rushing into the vessel at the point where she caught the reef on the rocks near Brest, in the South of France, so close to the spot where the *Cudiz* was stranded and lost, that the divers employed about the wreck of the *Cudiz* were able to render immediate help to the passengers and crew in their very narrow escape from destruction. Impressive! Yes, it is very impressive! But it does not seem to impress the shipping interest, with their habits of underwriting their risks, as much as it does other people, and it is not likely to impress ship-builders, as long as the owners will continue to purchase of them, without reforming the construction of ships. It is the public who are chiefly impressed, and even with them, there has been a tacit understanding to go "quietly" into the jaws of the deep, by themselves or their representatives. We are not going to aver that there is no excuse to be made for the owners and captains. Routine is always a terribly powerful force in human affairs. Their attention, also, is so keenly fixed upon safe navigation—and they are so convinced that if the navigation can only be made absolutely perfect, there will be no more accidents—that in sober fact they cannot even get their minds to rest upon the subject of reforms in construction. The trouble is, that grave Admiralty Courts and Special Commissions are not a bit more willing to talk about construction. Still we think a remedy cannot be much longer delayed.

There has been another railway accident at the St. Hilaire Station of the G. T. R. on the Richelieu. By the breaking of a pin, eleven heavily-laden freight cars became detached from the engine, and ran down the grade to the river. The cars all went over, cutting off the end of a barge within twenty feet of the sleeping occupants. The hands on board another barge jumped into the river, and their barge laden with sand, was caught by the descending cars bow-foremost. No one was killed. There was no brakeman on the part of the train detached. The cars were laden with Indian corn and oats, on this occasion, in place of passengers. The fall from the top of the bridge to the waters of the Richelieu is stated by the *Sherbrooke Gazette* to be eighty feet. No blame to anybody, of course. What will strike any reasonable persons in this connexion, will be that, if there is 80 feet space to spare under this bridge which, however, can hardly be the case, there is no need of a draw-bridge at all, with none but barge traffic on the river. The barges could droop their masts as they have to do on the Thames at London.

The most absurd political stories are telegraphed from Ottawa and gravely printed in our dailies. One of the latest is that Mr. MACKENZIE has come to Montreal to confer with Mr. DEVLIN about a seat in the cabinet. Besides the primary fact that the latter gentleman is at present without a seat in Parliament, it should be remembered that the representative of the English Protestant element of Quebec in the Cabinet must be a Protestant, the other three Ministers from this Province being Roman Catholics. Another rumor is that Sir ALEXANDER GALT is in Ottawa looking for a seat in the Ministry. In view of his late letter, expressing dissent from the present Ministry, this statement is particularly amusing.

The British are unlucky in arbitration. The Portuguese claimed Delagoa Bay, the

natural outlet of the Dutch Republics north of Natal. The Dutch also claimed it, but made over all their rights to England by treaty. The matter was submitted to the arbitration of the French President, and Marchal MACMAHON has just made the award in favor of the Portuguese. The *London Spectator* says significantly that "the decision will certainly deepen the prejudice against arbitration, which would appear, as at present managed, to be a cleverly devised scheme for surrendering British rights without dishonor."

The New Brunswick people are working hard to produce a creditable Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Exhibition. The fair will be held at St. John, opening on the 27 inst, and continuing a week or more. We have received a descriptive pamphlet containing full particulars of the exposition. IRA CORNWALL JR. is the indefatigable Secretary and we have much confidence in his intelligent energy. All honor to our New Brunswick friends. They are far ahead of Quebec this time.

In the contest for the Governorship which is now going on in Ohio, and which will be decided next November, the Republicans are endeavoring to introduce the religious element, in the shape of a war between Protestants and Catholics. Know Nothingism, if revived, would play havoc in the United States just now, but from present indications, our Ohio friends are more intent upon the money plank of their platform than upon sectarian issues. Sensible Buckeyes!

By a declaration signed at London by Lord DERBY and the Marquis d'HARCOURT, the copyright convention between England and France is so modified that imitations or adaptations of dramatic writings to the stage will henceforth be regarded as piratical. This is a blow to the British "adapters" of French plays, and the *London Telegraph* demands whence Englishmen are to procure fresh dramas and fresh farces without paying for them.

We regret to learn that the *Toronto Sun* has been obliged to suspend. It was one of the most brilliant of our dailies. In the way of humor, the *Sun Skits* were unrivalled for freshness and originality. We trust, however, that these *Pirietech-nics* will not be altogether lost to our newspaper literature.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FUNERAL OF CHIEF BERTRAM.

The Funeral of the late Alexander Bertram, Chief of the Montreal Fire Brigade, was one of the largest and most impressive ever witnessed in this city. We give two views of it—the catafalque leaving the Central Station, where the deceased resided, and the procession passing down St. Lambert Hill and up St. Lawrence Main. The funeral-car was very imposing. A platform had been built upon a salvage wagon, hung to the ground with massive deep-fringed black drapery, festooned in the centre of each side, and gracefully raised to meet crape-dressed trophies, representative of Mr. Bertram's career. Other chosen accompaniments of the fireman's life, tastefully draped or bound with crape, added to the elegance and suitableness of the design—making altogether a most impressive and emblematic combination. Over this car rose the catafalque, with its sombre pall of heavy black cloth, secured above by deep moulding, ornamented with a gold stripe. From this flowed drapery in becoming folds and decorated with tassels till it reached the supporting platform. Wreaths of immortelles placed equi-distant from each other circled the catafalque. These various arrangements made a unique and appropriate *tout ensemble*, and the two firemen, who stood guard on the top of the car,—Messrs Beckingham of the Point St. Charles Station and another—showed an attitude of sorrow which their saddened countenances fully bore out, heightening the effect of the solemn and imposing funeral car.

REMOVAL OF GUIBORD'S BODY FROM MOUNT ROYAL CEMETERY

At two o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, Sept. 2nd, Mr. Doutré presented a written order for the delivery of the body of Guibord, which order was presented to the trustees of the Mount Royal Cemetery. Among those present were a number of the members of L'Institut Canadien and old friends of Guibord. The only relative of Guibord present was Mrs. Ross, his wife's sister. At ten minutes past two o'clock Mr. Spriggins opened

the door of the vault and the coffin was lifted by three labouring men, carried out, and deposited upon a frame. Mr. Doutré then asked Mr. Spriggins: "Is this the same coffin that was brought here on the 20th of November, 1869?" Mr. Spriggins answered, "It is the same." The coffin was then placed upon the hearse, drawn by two black horses. A British flag was placed over it as a pall, and the mournful procession passed out and down the road by the back of the mountain to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery. There were about fifty carriages in the *cortège* proper, but many others joined on the route, and it soon increased to double the number, while the road was lined with spectators on foot, who were too late for the ceremonies in the Protestant cemetery.

GUIBORD'S BODY AT COTE DES NEIGES CEMETERY.

Arrived at Cote des Neiges, it was found that the cemetery was in the hands of the mob, who greeted the funeral procession with discordant cries and yells. They clustered behind the gate yelling "Il n'entre pas," "Il n'entre pas" (it shan't come in), brandishing sticks and occasionally cheering. The hearse halted at the gate, and was at one time seized by two fellows and attempted to be led away. Women among the crowd attempted to add their voice to the general din, and some were seen as stone-throwers, while the crowd momentarily increased, and had their courage kept up by the whiskey obtained at the taverns in the neighbourhood. Mr. Doutré decided, after consulting with his friends, that it would be impossible to gain admission into the grave yard, as the bailiff had come back and reported that it would take some time to get the Volunteers to quell the disturbance. The hearse moved away amidst the derisive cheers of the multitude ensconced behind the gate. The body was then restored to the vault of the Protestant cemetery.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB REGATTA, TORONTO.

Our artist, who is evidently a lady's man, viewed this interesting event from the verandah of the Boat House, in the company of several lovely damsels. The races this year are described as having been singularly picturesque and successful. The result of the sailing so far as it related to the first race was to confirm the Cuthbert in her possession of the champion flag and \$200 accompanying it, and to give the Oriole an indisputable right to the second prize of \$75. Its result as bearing upon the second day's race was that the Oriole took the Prince of Wales' Cup and the Cup given by the Commodore for the fastest centre board yacht. The Brunette gained the second prize of \$50, and the Geraldine got the Cup presented by the Commodore, to be sailed for by deep draught boats, she being the only one of that class that ran.

ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The annual prize meeting of the Ontario Rifle Association opened on the 31 ult. at the Garrison Common ranges. The usual preparations had been made for the event, and as a consequence, there was quite a little encampment on that portion of the Common adjacent to the new Garrison. In the All-comers' match there were 197, a falling off of about fifty. The shooting commenced about a quarter-past one o'clock, without any formal firing of the first shot which was usual on former occasions. It lasted until half-past five, about which time the All-comers' match was concluded. The second match, that for Affiliated Associations, went on, as far as was practicable, simultaneously with the All-comers', and when the firing ceased for the day, was about half through. When the shooting commenced the atmospheric conditions were rather unfavourable; but when the sun got a little further round to the westward so as to be off the targets, they improved, and during the rest of the afternoon the weather was about as fine as could have been wished except that for nearly the whole of the afternoon the heat was so fierce as to cause great bodily discomfort to every one on the Common.

EUROPEAN PICTORIAL NEWS.

Under this heading we give six beautiful views of current events in Europe. There are several illustrations of the war in Turkey, such as the Fortress of Trebigne, the chief town of Herzegovina, an engagement at Newesinge, and the hurling of rocks upon Turkish soldiers by stalwart, and withal beautiful, Slavonic women. There is also the representation of a grand water illumination in honor of the XIVth anniversary of the Sultan's accession to the throne. The twin ship *Castalia* is also represented. She plies between Dover and Calais, and while fulfilling many of the conditions of safety and comfort for which she was designed, she has been found to have the counterbalancing inconvenience of slowness.

WRITERS AND TALKERS.

The *Baltimore American* says: We are apt to imagine that good writers are fluent conversationalists; but this is not always the case. There was Dr. Blair, whose mind was so chained to his pen that he was called "Dr. Speaknone." Scott was most genial in conversation, and the pleasant description of the author reading his poems and novels to his family and their affectionate sympathy is truly delightful. Dickens, too, was gifted in speech as well as pen, and perhaps had he enlivened the home circle with his genius, his married life might have been happier. Coleridge and Wordsworth were both

great talkers, and though they professed to delight in each other's society, they always avoided meeting because neither liked to listen. Contemporary with them was Mr. Talfourd, of whom Miss Mitford says: "His conversation is so glittering, so dazzling, that listening to him is like looking at the sun; it makes one's mind ache with excessive brilliancy." But he did not possess the secret of a pleasant conversation, for his talk was more like an harangue. Humorous and witty people are always delightful company, but those who use sarcasm are seldom popular. Some writer says of sarcasm: "It is an easy talent, for the worse wine makes capital vinegar." Poor Goldsmith was often the target for the sarcastic wit of his friends. He once said to Beauclerk, "I am determined to leave off prescribing for friends." "Do so, dear doctor; whenever you undertake to kill, let it be your enemies," was the reply.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Down comes Thomas Carlyle from his sanctum into the hall way—a gray-whiskered old man, with eyes half closed, as if pondering over some mental abstraction and shutting out the external world. He placed upon the table a long clay pipe, from which he had been raising a cloud of smoke, and took up one of half a dozen felt hats, with as broad a brim as you see on a Colorado ranchman's head. His clothing was of the coarsest Scotch twill, and, like a Quaker's suit, was gray and of one color. His coat reached below his knees.

"Umph! Who are you?" he at length said, when his brother remarked that somebody was standing near by.

"Sir, I am one of a multitude in America who, having read a few of your works, have long had a desire to call on you."

After the usual courtesies, I explained to him that my wish in seeing him had now been gratified and that I would most respectfully bid him good afternoon. Another grunt was the only reply. While bowing my way out, he stopped me with the remark: "I am going to walk. Come with me." I went. He started off at a good, smart pace, with his hands behind him and his head slightly inclined. When, after a few moments, I ventured a question, he answered it in the old Socratic fashion by asking a dozen. He wished to know about the United States, our churches, our colleges, our public men. It was with difficulty that I could get him to talk of himself, or get his views on questions of the day. Germany, he at length said, was in a state of theological transition. Dogma was yielding to fact. The Christian Church was changing, but the grand truths of Christianity were unalterable. In the hands of Bismarck, the chiefest statesman of the age, its progress was as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. Nothing was to be feared. With England there was more smoke than fire in the air. He spoke somewhat slightly of Gladstone and his recently-published pamphlets. He had watched him as he changed from a high Tory to a most outspoken Radical. Gladstone's gravest fault, thought Carlyle, was that he looked exclusively at the side issues of great questions. He recognized the bearings and appearances, not the underlying fact; and a fact, he continued, was a divine revelation, and he who acted contrary to it sinned against God.

"Is Gladstone, then, only a politician?" I asked. "Much worse," was the answer; "for he always acts the politician with the wisdom of a statesman."

Here we approached a street crossing. When half way over, Mr. Carlyle suddenly stopped, and stooping down picked something out of the mud, at the risk of being run over by one of the many carriages in the street. With his bare hands he brushed the mud off and placed the white substance in a clean spot on the curb-stone. "That," said he in a tone as sweet and in words as beautiful as I have ever heard, "is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by my mother never to waste, and, above all, bread, more precious than gold, the substance that is the same to the body that the mind is to the soul. I am sure the little sparrows or a hungry dog will get nourishment from that bit of bread." In a moment we arrived at the house of one of Carlyle's friends. We separated as unceremoniously as we met.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

There has been a split in the new Spanish Cabinet under Canovas Del Castillo. Jovellar has formed a new Ministry.

At Pittsburgh, on Saturday, Evan Morris beat Coulter in a five-mile race for the sculling championship of the United States.

Financial affairs in San Francisco continue to improve, and merchants are assisting each other as much as possible, in order to tide matters over.

A Chicago dispatch reports the sinking of the propeller *Equinox*, during the recent storm on Lake Michigan, and a loss of twenty-two persons.

The foreign Consuls at Herzegovina are now interviewing one of the principal insurgent chiefs, with a view to arriving at a basis of settlement of the insurrection.

Admiral Le Noury, of the French navy, has been removed from his command for Bonapartist opinions expressed by him in a letter read at a banquet to which he had been invited but was unable to attend.

The trial of the negroes implicated in the late insurrection in Georgia has resulted in their acquittal. Order has been restored in Mississippi. The reports of disturbances in that State were exaggerated.

Bishop Bourget has written a letter to the Montreal press. He says it was the intention of the Church authorities, had Guibord's body been interred in consecrated ground, to have interdicted his grave—cut it off from the cemetery. The Queen is to be petitioned in the matter. Emperor William of Germany is to visit Italy next month. Bismarck and Moltke will accompany him. Denmark has just harvested one of the largest crops for years. Sweden also reports an abundant yield.